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Grandmother's Story
of

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T H E C R A N E C L A S S I C S

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY
OF
BUNKER HILL BATTLE

WITH BIOGRAPHY AND NOTES

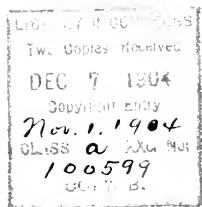
BY

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A GUIDE TO THE STUDY OF OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

IMPORTANT FACTS OF THE LIFE OF HOLMES.

Birth, Cambridge, Mass., August 29, 1809. Death, Boston, Mass., October 6, 1894. Literary ancestry: Father, Rev. Abiel Holmes, who wrote the first American history, — *American Annals*.

Education at Phillips (Andover) Academy and Harvard College. Took his degree in 1829.

Study of law for one year.

Study of medicine, at home and abroad, taking degree, 1836.

First volume of poems published 1836.

Chair of anatomy and physiology in Dartmouth College 1838–1848; in Harvard, 1848–1882.

Publication of the “Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,” 1858.

Birthday Breakfast, 1879.

Celebration of seventy-fifth birthday, 1874. Second trip to Europe, after fifty years, 1886.

D. C. L. of Oxford, England, and LL. D. of Edinburgh, 1886.

Retired life in Boston.

WRITINGS ON HIS OWN BIOGRAPHY.

The Opening of the Piano.

Dorothy Q.

Poems on the Class of '29.

The Iron Gate — (on his seventieth birthday.)
 The School-Boy.
 First Chapter of The Poet at The Breakfast Table.
 A Family Record.

SOME MEMBERS OF THE CLASS OF '29.

James Freeman Clarke.
 Rev. S. F. Smith.
 George T. Davis.
 William Henry Channing.
 Judge B. R. Curtis.
 George T. Bigelow.

SOME AMERICAN HUMORISTS.

O. W. Holmes.
 Mark Twain.
 James Russell Lowell.
 John G. Saxe.
 Charles Dudley Warner.
 Washington Irving.

SOME OF THE FRIENDS OF DR. HOLMES.

Charles Sumner.
 Nathaniel Hawthorne.
 H. W. Longfellow.
 E. P. Whipple.
 James T. Fields.
 Henry Thoreau.

THE SATURDAY CLUB.

That first conceived the *Atlantic Monthly*. The name was given by
 Dr. Holmes. Lowell was the first editor.

Louis Agassiz.	John L. Dwight.
J. Eliot Cabot.	R. W. Emerson.

C. C. Felton.	H. W. Longfellow.
O. W. Holmes.	J. R. Lowell.
E. R. Hoar.	Edmund Quincy.
Estes Howe.	C. E. Morton.

REFERENCE BOOKS ON OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

American Literature (O. W. Holmes). E. P. Whipple, 1887.

Poets of America. O. W. Holmes, E. C. Stedman, 1886.

Half-hours with the Best American Authors. C. Morris, 1886.

North American Review: January, 1847; January, 1849.

Littell's Living Age: January 6, 1849; March 17, 1849; October 8, 1853.

North British Review, August–November, 1860.

Macmillan's Magazine, August, 1861.

OUTLINE OF MORE IMPORTANT WORKS.

PROSE.

Essay — Breakfast Table Series, 1858, 1859, 1873.

Romance — Elsie Venner, The Guardian Angel, A Modern Antipathy.

Memoir — John Lothrop Motley, Ralph Waldo Emerson.

Travels — One Hundred Days in Europe.

POETRY.

For Occasions — In Memory of Abraham Lincoln, Bryant's Seventieth Birthday, Bill and Joe, The Boys, Whittier's Seventieth Birthday, Welcome to Nations July 4, 1876.

The Beautiful — The Chambered Nautilus, The Voiceless, The Living Temple, Homesick in Heaven.

Humorous — The One-Hoss Shay, The Broomstick Train, The Last Leaf, The September Gale, The Height of The Ridiculous, A Farewell to Agassiz, Contentment, My Aunt.

Patriotic — Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle, Boston Tea Party, Old Ironsides, Lexington.

[From "A Fable for the Critics."]

"There is Holmes, who is matchless among you for wit;
A Leyden-jar always full charged, from which flit
The electrical tingles of hit after hit;

His are just the fine hands, too, for weaving a lyric
Full of fancy, fun, feeling, or spiced with satyric
In a measure so kindly, you doubt if the toes
That are trodden upon are your own or your foes."

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY OF BUNKER HILL BATTLE.

AS SHE SAW IT FROM THE BELFRY.

[The following poem was written in 1875, for the Centennial celebration of the battle of Bunker Hill. The belfry tower must have been that of the New Brick Church, built in 1721, and rebuilt of stone in 1845. It was pulled down in 1871, to widen Hanover street. This is one of the best of the poems of Dr. Holmes, who was especially happy in poems for special occasions. The little break in the thread of it, at the last, and change from simple narrative to the bit of tender romance, is very skillful and pleasing.]

'T is like stirring living embers when, at eighty, one re-
members
All the aching and the quakings of "the times that tried
men's souls ;"
When I talk of *Whig* and *Tory*, when I tell the *Rebel*
story,
To you the words are ashes, but to me they're burning
coals.

I had heard the muskets' rattle of the April running bat-
tle ;
Lord Percy's hunted soldiers, I can see their red coats
still ;
But a deadly chill comes o'er me, as the day looms up be-
fore me,
When a thousand men lay bleeding on the slopes of Bun-
ker's Hill.

'T was a peaceful summer's morning, when the first thing
gave us warning

Was the booming of the cannon from the river and the
shore: 10

"Child," says grandma, "what's the matter, what is all
this noise and clatter?

Have those scalping Indian devils come to murder us once
more?"

Poor old soul! my sides were shaking in the midst of all
my quaking,

To hear her talk of Indians when the guns began to
roar:

She had seen the burning village, and the slaughter and
the pillage, 15

When the Mohawks killed her father with their bullets
through his door.

Then I said, "Now, dear old granny, don't you fret and
worry any,

For I'll soon come back and tell you whether this is work
or play:

There can't be mischief in it, so I won't be gone a
minute"—

For a minute then I started. I was gone the livelong
day. 20

No time for bodice-lacing or for looking-glass grimacing;
Down my hair went as I hurried, tumbling half-way to
my heels;

God forbid your ever knowing, when there's blood around
her flowing,

How the lonely, helpless daughter of a quiet household
feels!

In the street I heard a thumping; and I knew it was the
stumping 25
Of the Corporal, our old neighbor, on the wooden leg he
wore,
With a knot of women round him,—it was lucky I had
found him,
So I followed with the others, and the Corporal marched
before.

They were making for the steeple,—the old soldier and
his people;
The pigeons circled round us as we climbed the creaking
stair, 30
Just across the narrow river—oh, so close it made me
shiver!—
Stood a fortress on the hill-top that but yesterday was
bare.

Not slow our eyes to find it; well we knew who stood be-
hind it,
Though the earthwork hid them from us, and the stubborn
walls were dumb:
Here were sister, wife, and mother, looking wild upon
each other, 35
And their lips were white with terror as they said, THE
HOUR HAS COME!

The morning slowly wasted, not a morsel had we tasted,
And our heads were almost splitting with the cannons'
deafening thrill,
When a figure tall and stately round the rampart strode
sedately;
It was PRESCOTT, one since told me; he commanded on
the hill. 40

Every woman's heart grew bigger when we saw his manly
figure,
With the banyan buckled round it, standing up so straight
and tall;
Like a gentleman of leisure who is strolling out for pleas-
ure,
Through the storm of shells and cannon-shot he walked
around the wall.

At eleven the streets were swarming, for the red-coats'
ranks were forming; 45
At noon in marching order they were moving to the
piers;
How the bayonets gleamed and glistened, as we looked far
down, and listened
To the trampling and the drum-beat of the belted grena-
diers!

At length the men have started, with a cheer (it seemed
faint-hearted),
In their scarlet regimentals, with their knapsacks on their
backs, 59
And the reddening, rippling water, as after a sea-fight's
slaughter,
Round the barges gliding onward blushed like blood along
their tracks.

So they crossed to the other border, and again they formed
in order;
And the boats came back for soldiers, came for soldiers,
soldiers still;

The time seemed everlasting to us women faint and fast-
ing, — 55

At last they're moving, marching, marching proudly up
the hill.

We can see the bright steel glancing all along the lines
advancing —

Now the front rank fires a volley — they have thrown
away their shot;

For behind their earthwork lying, all the balls above them
flying,

Our people need not hurry; so they wait and answer
not. 60

Then the Corporal, our old cripple (he would swear some-
times, and tipple), —

He had heard the bullets whistle (in the old French war)
before, —

Calls out in words of jeering, just as if they all were hear-
ing, —

And his wooden leg thumps fiercely on the dusty belfry
floor: —

“ Oh! fire away, ye villains, and earn King George's
shillin's, 65

But ye'll waste a ton of powder afore a 'rebel' falls;

You may bang the dirt and welcome, they're as safe as
Dan'l Malcolm

Ten foot beneath the gravestone that you've splintered
with your balls! ”

In the hush of expectation, in the awe and trepidation
Of the dread approaching moment, we are well-nigh
breathless all; 70

Though the rotten bars are failing on the rickety belfry
railing,
We are crowding up against them like the waves against
a wall.

Just a glimpse (the air is clearer), they are nearer, —
nearer, — nearer,
When a flash — a curling smoke-wreath — then a crash —
the steeple shakes —
The deadly truce is ended; the tempest's shroud is rended;
Like a morning mist it gathered, like a thunder-cloud it
breaks! 76

O the sight our eyes discover as the blue-black smoke blows
over!

The red-coats stretched in windrows as a mower rakes his
hay;

Here a scarlet heap is lying, there a headlong crowd is
flying

Like a billow that has broken and is shivered into spray. 80

Then we cried, "The troops are routed! they are beat — it
can't be doubted!

God be thanked, the fight is over!" — Ah! the grim old
soldier's smile!

"Tell us, tell us why you look so?" (we could hardly
speak we shook so), —

"Are they beaten? *Are* they beaten? **ARE** they beaten?"
— "Wait a while."

O the trembling and the terror! for too soon we saw our
error: 85

They are baffled, not defeated; we have driven them back
in vain;

And the columns that were scattered, round the colors that
were tattered,
Toward the sullen silent fortress turn their belted breasts
again.

All at once, as we were gazing, lo! the roofs of Charles-
town blazing!
They have fired the harmless village; in an hour it will be
down! 90

The Lord in Heaven confound them, rain his fire and
brimstone round them, —
The robbing, murdering red-coats, that would burn a peace-
ful town!

They are marching, stern and solemn; we can see each
massive column

As they near the naked earth-mound with the slanting
walls so steep.

Have our soldiers got faint-hearted, and in noiseless haste
departed? 95

Are they panic-struck and helpless? Are they palsied or
asleep?

Now! the walls they're almost under! scarce a rod the
foes asunder!

Not a firelock flashed against them! up the earthwork they
will swarm!

But the words have scarce been spoken when the ominous
calm is broken,

And a bellowing crash has emptied all the vengeance of
the storm! 100

So again, with murderous slaughter, pelted backwards to
the water,

Fly Pigott's running heroes and the frightened braves of
Howe;

And we shout, "At last they're done for, it's their barges
they have run for:

They are beaten, beaten, beaten; and the battle's over
now!"

And we looked, poor timid creatures, on the rough old
soldier's features, 105

Our lips afraid to question, but he knew what we would
ask:

"Not sure," he said; "keep quiet, — once more, I guess,
they'll try it —

Here's damnation to the cut-throats!" — then he
handed me his flask,

Saying, "Gal, you're looking shaky; have a drop of Old
Jamaiky;

I'm afeard there'll be more trouble afore the job is
done;" 110

So I took one scorching swallow; dreadful faint I felt and
hollow,

Standing there from early morning when the firing was
begun.

All through those hours of trial I had watched a calm clock
dial,

As the hands kept creeping, creeping, — they were creep-
ing round to four,

When the old man said, "They're forming with their
bagonets fixed for storming: 115

It's the death-grip that's a-coming, — they will try the
works once more."

With brazen trumpets blaring, the flames behind them
glaring,

The deadly wall before them, in close array they come;
Still onward, upward toiling, like a dragon's fold uncoil-
ing, —

Like the rattlesnake's shrill warning the reverberating
drum! 120

Over heaps all torn and gory — shall I tell the fearful
story,

How they surged above the breastwork, as a sea breaks
over a deck;

How, driven, yet scarce defeated, our worn-out men re-
treated,

With their powder-horns all emptied, like the swimmers
from a wreck?

It has all been told and painted; as for me, they say I
fainted, 125

And the wooden-legged old Corporal stumped with me
down the stair:

When I woke from dreams affrighted the evening lamps
were lighted, —

On the floor a youth was lying; his bleeding breast was
bare.

And I heard through all the flurry, "Send for WARREN!
hurry! hurry!"

Tell him here's a soldier bleeding, and he'll come and
dress his wound!" 130

Ah, we knew not till the morrow told its tale of death and
sorrow,

How the starlight found him stiffened on the dark and
bloody ground.

Who the youth was, what his name was, where the place
from which he came was,

Who had brought him from the battle, and had left him
at our door,

He could not speak to tell us; but 't was one of our brave
fellows, 135

As the homespun plainly showed us which the dying sol-
dier wore.

For they all thought he was dying, as they gathered round
him crying, —

And they said, “Oh, how they'll miss him!” and, “What
will his mother do?”

Then, his eyelids just unclinging like a child's that has been
dozing,

He faintly murmured, “Mother!” ——— and — I saw his
eyes were blue. 140

— “Why, grandma, how you're winking!” — Ah, my
child, it sets me thinking

Of a story not like this one. Well, he somehow lived
along;

So we came to know each other, and I nursed him like a —
mother,

Till at last he stood before me, tall, and rosy-cheeked, and
strong.

And we sometimes walked together in the pleasant sum-
mer weather; 145

—“Please to tell us what his name was?” — Just your own, my little dear;
There's his picture Copley painted: we became so well acquainted,
That, — in short, that's why I'm grandma, and you children are all here!

NOTES.

LINE 2. The quotation is from the first number of *The Crisis*, a tract issued regularly for some months during the Revolutionary War. The author was Thomas Paine. The whole of the quotation reads: “These are the times that try men's souls: the summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will in this crisis, shrink from the service of his country; but he that stands now deserves the thanks of man and woman.”

3. In 1679, during the last of the reign of Charles II., the terms *Whig* and *Tory* came into use. The Whigs stood for political and religious freedom; the Tories, on the other hand, represented the crown and the churchly power. When the colonies of America revolted, the Whigs sympathized with them, the Tories opposed them. The terms were at once adopted in America. The Whigs wanted freedom. The Tories adhered to the king. The term *rebel* was applied to the Whigs by the Tories. Later on, the terms Liberal and Conservative supplanted these.

5. *The April running battle* was the battle of Lexington and Concord. The British beat a disorderly retreat to Charlestown, under the leadership of Lord Percy.

16. The Mowhawk Indians were the most dreaded of all the Six Nations northwest of New England. During Queen Anne's War they with the French fell upon the frontier New England settlements, and the atrocity of their raids is still tradition in New England households.

40. Colonel William Prescott, who commanded a portion of the fortification, was the grandfather of Prescott the historian. He had been sent to fortify Breed's Hill, on June 17, 1776.

42. *Banyan* — a flowered gown worn by General Prescott in the hot weather. It is no wonder that with such unmilitary dress the

British soldiers should have held the Americans in slight esteem. It is true that he did carelessly stroll around the walls for the purpose of encouraging his men.

62. *The old French War* was the *French and Indian War* of 1755-1763, whereby the French lost possession of Canada. Many Revolutionary soldiers were veterans of this war.

67. The author says of this line: "The following epitaph is still to be read on a tall gravestone standing as yet undisturbed among the transplanted monuments of the dead in Copp's Hill burial-ground, one of the three city (Boston) cemeteries which have been desecrated and ruined within my own remembrance:

"Here lies buried in a
Stone Grave 10 feet deep
Capt. DANIEL MALCOLM Mercht
Who departed this Life
October 23, 1769,
Aged 44 years,
A true son of Liberty,
A Friend to the Publick,
An Enemy to oppression,
And one of the foremost
In opposing the Revenue Acts
On America."

89. The burning of Charlestown was a characteristic act of cruelty on the part of the British; but in the fortunes of war such things are a part.

98. *Firelock*. The old-fashioned gun of the 18th century soldier.

102. Howe, Pigott and Clinton were the generals commanding the English in this engagement.

109. *Old Jamaiky* was Jamaica rum, a brand of unusual vigor, and much used at this time.

110. *Bagonets* = bayonets.

119. Compare this with Hugo's description of the Battle of Waterloo, in *Les Miserables*:

"Ney drew his sabre and placed himself at their head, and the mighty squadrons started. Then a formidable spectacle was seen: the whole of this cavalry with raised sabres, with standards flying, and formed in columns of division, descended, with one movement and as one man, with the precision of a bronze battering-ram opening a breach, the hill of Belle Alliance. . . . They ascended it, stern, threatening, and imperturbable; between the breaks in the artillery

and musketry fire, the colossal tramp could be heard. As they formed two divisions, they were in two columns. . . . At a distance it appeared as if two immense steel lizards were crawling toward the crest of the plateau; they traversed the battle-field like a flash."

129. Dr. Joseph Warren, a physician and a patriot who fell in this battle, was one of the men whose death was most widely mourned and whose loss was most deeply felt by the Americans.

147. John Singleton Copley was born in America, in 1737, and died in England, in 1815. He was a famous painter of portraits, and painted the likenesses of many noted people about Boston.

BILL AND JOE.

COME, dear old comrade, you and I
Will steal an hour from days gone by,
The shining days when life was new,
And all was bright with morning dew,
The lusty days of long ago,
When you were Bill and I was Joe.

5

Your name may flaunt a titled trail
Proud as a cockerel's rainbow tail,
And mine as brief appendix wear
As Tam O'Shanter's luckless mare;
To-day, old friend, remember still
That I am Joe and you are Bill.

10

You've won the great world's envied prize,
And grand you look in people's eyes,
With H O N. and L L. D.
In big brave letters, fair to see, —
Your fist, old fellow! off they go! —
How are you, Bill? How are you Joe?

15

You've worn the judge's ermined robe;
You've taught your name to half the globe;
You've sung mankind a deathless strain;
You've made the dead past live again;
The world may call you what it will,
But you and I are Joe and Bill.

20

The chaffing young folks stare and say, 25
“See those old buffers, bent and gray, —
They talk like fellows in their teens!
Mad, poor old boys! That’s what it means,” —
And shake their heads; they little know
The throbbing hearts of Bill and Joe! — 30

How Bill forgets his hour of pride,
While Joe sits smiling at his side;
How Joe, in spite of time’s disguise,
Finds the old schoolmate in his eyes, — 35
Those calm, stern eyes that melt and fill
As Joe looks fondly up at Bill.

Ah, pensive scholar, what is fame?
A fitful tongue of leaping flame;
A giddy whirlwind’s fickle gust,
That lifts a pinch of mortal dust; 40
A few swift years, and who can show
Which dust was Bill and which was Joe?

The weary idol takes his stand,
Holds out his bruised and aching hand,
While gaping thousands come and go, — 45
How vain it seems, this empty show!
Till all at once his pulses thrill; —
’Tis poor old Joe’s “God bless you, Bill!”

And shall we breathe in happier spheres
The names that pleased our mortal ears; 50
In some sweet lull of harp and song
For earth-born spirits none too long,

Just whispering of the world below
Where this was Bill, and that was Joe?

No matter; while our home is here
No sounding name is half so dear:
When fades at length our lingering day,
Who cares what pompous tombstones say?
Read on the hearts that love us still,
Hic jacet Joe. Hic jacet Bill.

55

60

THE LAST LEAF.

I SAW him once before,
As he passed by the door,
 And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
 With his cane.

5

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
 Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
 Through the town.

10

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
 Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
 “ They are gone.”

15

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
 In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
 On the tomb.

20

My grandmamma has said —
Poor old lady, she is dead
 Long ago —

25

That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

30

But now his nose is thin,
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

35

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat
And the breeches, and all that
Are so queer!

40

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

45

THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE;
OR, THE WONDERFUL "ONE-HOSS SHAY."

A LOGICAL STORY.

HAVE you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it — ah, but stay,
I'll tell you what happened without delay, 5
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits, —
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
Georgius Secundus was then alive, — 10
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown, 15
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot, —
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill, 20
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace, — lurking still,
Find it somewhere you must and will, —
Above or below, or within or without, —

And that 's the reason, beyond a doubt, 25
That a chaise *breaks down*, but does n't *wear out*.

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew rum," or an "I tell *yeou*")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'n' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun'; 30
It should be so built that it *could n't* break daown;
"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t 's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'n' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain,
Is only jest 35
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk
Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke, —
That was for spokes and floor and sills; 40
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from 'the straightest trees,
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum," — 45
Last of its timber, — they could n't sell 'em,
Never an axe had seen their chips,
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like eclery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw, 50
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace bison-skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide

Found in the pit when the tanner died. 55
That was the way he "put her through."
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew!"

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray, 60
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren — where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED; it came and found 65
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten; —
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came; —
Running as usual; much the same. 70
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then come fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer. 75
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it. — You're welcome. — No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER, — the Earthquake-day, — 80
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.

There could n't be, — for the Deacon's art
 Had made it so like in every part 85
 That there was n't a chance for one to start.
 For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
 And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
 And the panels just as strong as the floor,
 And the whipple-tree neither less nor more, 90
 And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,
 And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
 And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
 In another hour it will be *worn out*!

First of November, 'Fifty-five! 95
 This morning the parson takes a drive.
 Now, small boys, get out of the way!
 Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
 Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
 "Huddup!" said the parson. — Off went they. 100
 The parson was working his Sunday's text, —
 Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
 At what the — Moses — was coming next.
 All at once the horse stood still,
 Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill. 105
 First a shiver, and then a thrill,
 Then something decidedly like a spill, —
 And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
 At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock, —
 Just the hour of the Earthquake shock! 110
 What do you think the parson found,
 When he got up and stared around?
 The poor old chaise in a heap or mound,
 As if it had been to the mill and ground!

You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once —
All at once, and nothing first, —
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

115

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

120

THE BROOMSTICK TRAIN; OR, THE RETURN OF THE WITCHES.

“Look here! There are crowds of people whirled through our streets on these new-fashioned cars, with their witch-broom-sticks overhead,—if they don’t come from Salem, they ought to,—and not more than one in a dozen of these fish-eyed bipeds thinks or cares a nickel’s worth about the miracle which is wrought for their convenience. They know that without hands or feet, without horses, without steam, so far as they can see, they are transported from place to place, and that there is nothing to account for it except the witch-broomstick and the iron or copper cobweb which they see stretched above them. What do they know or care about this last revelation of the omnipresent spirit of the material universe? We ought to go down on our knees when one of these mighty caravans, car after car, spins by us, under the mystic impulse which seems to know not whether its train is loaded or empty. We are used to force in the muscle of horses in the expansive potency of steam, but here we have force stripped stark naked,—nothing but a filament to cover its nudity,—and yet showing its might in efforts that would task the working-beam of a ponderous steam-engine.” — *Over the Teacups*, page 215.

Look out! Look out, boys! Clear the track!
The witches are here! They’ve all come back!
They hanged them high, — No use! No use!
What cares a witch for a hangman’s noose?
They buried them deep, but they would n’t lie still, 5
For cats and witches are hard to kill;
They swore they should n’t and would n’t die, —
Books said they did, but they lie! they lie!

A couple of hundred years, or so,
They had knocked about in the world below, 10
When an Essex Deacon dropped in to call,
And a homesick feeling seized them all;

For he came from a place they knew full well,
And many a tale he had to tell.

They longed to visit the haunts of men, 15
To see the old dwellings they knew again,
And ride on their broomsticks all around
Their wide domain of unhallowed ground.

In Essex County there's many a roof
Well known to him of the cloven hoof; 20
The small square windows are full in view
Which the midnight hags went sailing through,
On their well-trained broomsticks mounted high,
Seen like shadows against the sky;
Crossing the track of owls and bats, 25
Hugging before them their coal-black cats.

Well did they know, those gray old wives,
The sights we see in our daily drives:
Shimmer of lake and shine of sea,
Brown's bare hill with its lonely tree, 30
(It was n't then as we see it now,
With one scant scalp-lock to shade its brow;)
Dusky nooks in the Essex woods,
Dark, dim, Dante-like solitudes,
Where the tree-toad watches the sinuous snake 35
Glide through his forests of fern and brake;
Ipswich River; its old stone bridge;
Far-off Andover's Indian Ridge,
And many a scene where history tells
Some shadow of bygone terror dwells, — 40
Of "Norman's Woe" with its tale of dread,
Of the Screeching Woman of Marblehead,

(The fearful story that turns men pale:
Don't bid me tell it, — my speech would fail.)

Who would not, will not, if he can, 45
Bathe in the breezes of fair Cape Ann, —
Rest in the bowers her bays enfold,
Loved by the sachems and squaws of old!
Home where the white magnolias bloom,
Sweet with the bayberry's chaste perfume, 50
Hugged by the woods and kissed by the sea!
Where is the Eden like to thee?
For that "couple of hundred years, or so,"
There had been no peace in the world below;
The witches still grumbling, "It is n't fair;
Come, give us a taste of the upper air!" 55
We've had enough of your sulphur springs,
And the evil odor that round them clings;
We long for a drink that is cool and nice. —
Great buckets of water with Wenham ice; 60
We've served you well up-stairs, you know:
You're a good old — fellow — come, let us go!"

I don't feel sure of his being good,
But he happened to be in a pleasant mood, —
As fiends with their skins full sometimes are, — 65
(He'd been drinking with "roughs" at a Boston bar.)
So what does he do but up and shout
To a graybeard turnkey, "Let 'em out!"

To mind his orders was all he knew;
The gates swung open, and out they flew. 70

“Where are our broomsticks?” the beldams cried.
“Here are your broomsticks,” an imp replied.
“They’ve been in — the place you know — so long
They smell of brimstone uncommon strong;
But they’ve gained by being left alone, — 75
Just look, and you’ll see how tall they’ve grown.”
“And where is my cat?” a vixen squalled.
“Yes, where are our cats?” the witches bawled,
And began to call them all by name;
As fast as they called the cats, they came: 80
There was bob-tailed Tommy and long-tailed Tim,
And wall-eyed Jacky and green-eyed Jim,
And splay-foot Benny and slim-legged Beau,
And Skinny and Squally, and Jerry and Joe,
And many another that came at call, — 85
It would take too long to count them all.
All black, — one could hardly tell which was which,
But every cat knew his own old witch;
And she knew hers as hers knew her, —
Ah, did n’t they curl their tails and purr! 90

No sooner the withered hags were free
Than out they swarmed for a midnight spree;
I could n’t tell all they did in rhymes,
But the Essex people had dreadful times.
The Swampscott fishermen still relate 95
How a strange sea-monster stole their bait;
How their nets were tangled in loops and knots,
And they found dead crabs in their lobster-pots.
Poor Danvers grieved for her blasted crops,
And Wilmington mourned over mildewed hops. 100

A blight played havoc with Beverly beans, —
It was all the work of those hateful queens!
A dreadful panic began at "Pride's,"
Where the witches stopped in their midnight rides,
And there rose strange rumors and vague alarms 105
'Mid the peaceful dwellers at Beverly Farms.

Now when the Boss of the Beldams found
That without his leave they were ramping round,
He called, —they could hear him twenty miles,
From Chelsea beach to the Misery Isles; 110
The deafest old granny knew his tone
Without the trick of the telephone.
"Come here, you witches! Come here!" says he, —
"At your games of old, without asking me!
I'll give you a little job to do 115
That will keep you stirring, you godless crew!"

They came, of course, at their master's call,
The witches, the broomsticks, the cats, and all;
He led the hags to a railway train
The horses were trying to drag in vain. 120
"Now, then," says he, "you've had your fun,
And here are the cars you've got to run.
The driver may just unhitch his team,
We don't want horses, we don't want steam;
You may keep your old black cats to hug, 125
But the loaded train you've got to hug."

Since then on many a car you'll see
A broomstick plain as plain can be;

On every stick there's a witch astride, —
 The string you see to her leg is tied. 130
 She will do a mischief if she can,
 But the string is held by a careful man,
 And whenever the evil-minded witch
 Would cut some caper, he gives a twitch.
 As for the hag, you can't see her, 135
 But hark! you can hear her black cat's purr,
 And now and then, as a car goes by,
 You may catch a gleam from her wicked eye.

Often you've looked on a rushing train,
 But just what moved it was not so plain. 140
 It could n't be those wires above,
 For they neither could pull nor shove;
 Where was the motor that made it go
 You could n't guess, *but now you know.*

Remember my rhymes when you ride again 145
 On the rattling rail by the broomstick train!

NOTES.

LINE 34. *Dante-like.* Dante, author of *The Inferno*, was an Italian poet of the latter half of the 13th century. His work is noted for its gloomy and awful pictures of the future life.

41. See Longfellow's *Wreck of The Hesperus*:

"Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
 In the midnight and the snow;
 Christ save us all from a death like this,
 On the reef of Norman's woe."

42. See Whittier's *Skipper Iveson's Ride*:

"Scores of women old and young,
 Strong of muscle and glib of tongue,
 Pushed and pulled up the rocky lane,

Shouting and swinging the shrill refrain.

· · · · ·
Wrinkled scolds with hands on hips,
Girls in bloom of cheek and lips.

· · · · ·
With conch-shells blowing and fish-horn's twang,
Over and over the Mænads sang."

A SONG.

FOR THE CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION OF HARVARD COLLEGE, 1836.

[Harvard College was established in 1636, by the General Court (Legislature), of Massachusetts, £400 being voted for this purpose. The village where it was located was first called Newtown. In 1638 its name was changed to Cambridge, and the next year the name of the school was made Harvard College, after the Rev. John Harvard. He was a Charlestown minister, who died in 1638, leaving his library of three hundred or more volumes and £780 to the institution.

The work began in the college in 1638, under Nathaniel Eaton. There were nine young men in the first class, who graduated in 1642. Rev. Henry Dunster was the first president.]

WHEN the Puritans came over,
Our hills and swamps to clear,
The woods were full of catamounts,
And Indians red as deer,
With tomahawks and scalping-knives, 5
That make folks' heads look queer; —
Oh, the ship from England used to bring
A hundred wigs a year!

The crows came cawing through the air
To pluck the Pilgrims' corn, 10
The bears came snuffing round the door
Whene'er a babe was born,
The rattlesnakes were bigger round
Than the butt of the old ram's horn
The deacon blew at meeting-time 15
On every "Sabbath" morn.

But soon they knocked the wigwams down,
And pine-tree trunk and limb
Began to sprout among the leaves
In shape of steeples slim; 20
And out the little wharves were stretched
Along the ocean's rim,
And up the little school-house shot
To keep the boys in trim.

And when at length the College rose, 25
The sachem cocked his eye
At every tutor's meagre ribs
Whose coat-tails whistled by:
But when the Greek and Hebrew words
Came tumbling from his jaws, 30
The copper-colored children all
Ran screaming to the squaws.

And who was on the Catalogue
When college was begun?
Two nephews of the President, 35
And *the* Professor's son;
(They turned a little Indian by,
As brown as any bun;)
Lord! how the seniors knocked about
The freshman class of one! 40

They had not then the dainty things
That commons now afford,
But *succotash* and *hominy*
Were smoking on the board;

They did not rattle round in gigs,
Or dash in long-tailed blues,
But always on Commencement days
The tutors blacked their shoes. 45

God bless the ancient Puritans!
Their lot was hard enough;
But honest hearts make iron arms,
And tender maids are tough; 50

So love and faith have formed and fed
Our true-born Yankee stuff,
And keep the kernel in the shell
The British found so rough! 55

CONTENTMENT.

“Man wants but little here below.”

LITTLE I ask; my wants are few;

I only wish a hut of stone,

(A *very plain* brown stone will do,)

That I may call my own; —

And close at hand is such a one,

5

In yonder street that fronts the sun.

Plain food is quite enough for me;

Three courses are as good as ten; —

If Nature can subsist on three,

Thank Heaven for three. Amen!

10

I always thought cold victual nice; —

My *choice* would be vanilla-ice.

I care not much for gold or land; —

Give me a mortgage here and there, —

Some good bank-stock, some note of hand,

15

Or trifling railroad share, —

I only ask that Fortune send

A *little* more than I shall spend.

Honors are silly toys, I know,

And titles are but empty names;

20

I would, *perhaps*, be Plenipo, —

But only near St. James;

I'm very sure I should not care

To fill our Gubernator's chair.

Jewels are baubles; 't is a sin

25

To care for such unfruitful things;

One good-sized diamond in a pin, —
Some, *not so large*, in rings, —
A ruby, and a pearl, or so,
Will do for me; — I laugh at show. 30

My dame should dress in cheap attire;
(Good, heavy silks are never dear;)
I own perhaps I *might* desire
Some shawls of true Cashmere, —
Some marrowy crapes of China silk, 35
Like wrinkled skins on scalded milk.

I would not have the horse I drive
So fast that folks must stop and stare;
An easy gain — two, forty-five —
Suits me; I do not care; — 40
Perhaps, for just a *single spurt*,
Some seconds less would do no hurt.

Of pictures, I should like to own
Titians and Raphaels three or four, —
I love so much their style and tone, — 45
One Turner, and no more,
(A landscape, — foreground golden dirt, —
The sunshine painted with a squirt.)

Of books but few, — some fifty score
For daily use, and bound for wear; 50
The rest upon an upper floor; —
Some *little* luxury *there*
Of red morocco's gilded gleam
And vellum rich as country cream.

Busts, cameos, gems, — such things as these, 55

Which others often show for pride,

I value for their power to please,

And selfish churls deride:

One Stradivarius, I confess,

Two meerschaums, I would fain possess. 60

Wealth's wasteful tricks I will not learn,

Nor ape the glittering upstart fool: —

Shall not carved tables serve my turn,

But *all* must be of buhl?

Give grasping pomp its double share, — 65

I ask but *one* recumbent chair.

Thus humble let me live and die,

Nor long for Midas' golden touch;

If Heaven more generous gifts deny,

I shall not miss them *much*, —

Too grateful for the blessing lent

Of simple tastes and mind content!

NOTES.

LINE 21. *Plenipotentiary*. Ministers to foreign countries from the United States, not doing the work of the regular ambassador or minister.

22. *St. James*. From the rule of William III. to the time of Victoria, St. James palace was the residence of the British sovereign. Since Victoria's time, Buckingham palace has been the home of the royal family.

44. *Titian* and *Raphael*. Famous Italian artists, noted for painting pictures of religious topics. Raphael's Madonnas are masterpieces of coloring.

59. *Stradivarius* — Maker of the famous Cremona violin; lived in Italy (1649-1737). His instruments now bring enormous sums of money. One is said to have been sold for \$2,000.

THE PILGRIM'S VISION.

[In this poem, as well as in others by the same writer, distinction is made between the *Pilgrim* and the *Puritan*. The former settled at Plymouth; the latter at Boston. The Pilgrims believed in an entire separation of Church and State: the Puritans believed that the Church should be under control of the law; that heresies should be punished by the civil magistrates.]

In the hour of twilight shadows
The pilgrim sire looked out;
He thought of the "bloudy Salvages"
That lurked all round about,
Of Wituwamet's knife
And Pecksnot's whooping shout;
For the baby's limbs were feeble,
Though his father's arms were stout.

5

His home was a freezing cabin,
Too bare for the hungry rat,
Its roof was thatched with ragged grass,
And bald enough of that;
The hole that served for casement
Was glazed with an ancient hat;
And the ice was gently thawing
From the log whereon he sat.

10

15

Along the dreary landscape
His eyes went to and fro,
The trees all clad in icicles,
The streams that did not flow;
A sudden thought flashed o'er him, —
A dream of long ago, —

20

He smote his leathern jerkin,
And murmured, "Even so!"

"Come hither, God-be-Glorified, 25
And sit upon my knee,
Behold the dream unfolding,
Whereof I spake to thee
By the winter's hearth in Leyden
And on the stormy sea; 30
True is the dream's beginning, —
So may its ending be!

"I saw in the naked forest
Our scattered remnant cast,
A screen of shivering branches 35
Between them and the blast;
The snow was falling round them,
The dying fell as fast;
I looked to see them perish,
When lo, the vision passed. 40

"Again mine eyes were opened; —
The feeble had waxed strong,
The babes had grown to sturdy men,
The remnant was a throng;
By shadowed lake and winding stream, 45
And all the shores along,
The howling demons quaked to hear
The Christian's godly song.

"They slept, — the village fathers, —
By river, lake, and shore, 50

When far adown the steep of Time
The vision rose once more ;
I saw along the winter snow
A spectral column pour,
And high above their broken ranks
A tattered flag they bore. 55

“ Their Leader rode before them,
Of bearing calm and high,
The light of Heaven's own kindling
Throned in his awful eye ; 60
These were a Nation's champions
Her dread appeal to try ;
‘ God for the right ! ’ I faltered,
And lo, the train passed by.

“ Once more, — the strife is ended, 65
The solemn issue tried,
The Lord of Hosts, his mighty arm
Has helped our Israel's side ;
Gray stone and grassy hillock
Tell where our martyrs died, 70
But peaceful smiles the harvest,
And stainless flows the tide.

“ A crash, as when some swollen cloud
Cracks o'er the tangled trees !
With side to side, and spar to spar, 75
Whose smoking decks are these ?
I know St. George's blood-red cross,
Thou Mistress of the Seas,

But what is she, whose streaming bars
Roll out before the breeze? 80

“Ah, well her iron ribs are knit,
Whose thunders strive to quell
The bellowing throats, the blazing lips,
That pealed the Armada’s knell!
The mist was cleared, — a wreath of stars 85
Rose o’er the crimsoned swell,
And, wavering from its haughty peak,
The cross of England fell!

“O trembling Faith! though dark the morn,
A heavenly torch is thine; 90
While feebler races melt away,
And paler orbs decline,
Still shall the fiery pillar’s ray
Along thy pathway shine,
To light the chosen tribe that sought 95
This Western Palestine!

“I see the living tide roll on;
It crowns with flaming towers
The icy capes of Labrador,
The Spaniard’s ‘land of flowers’! 100
It streams beyond the splintered ridge
That parts the northern showers;
From eastern rock to sunset wave
The Continent is ours!”

He ceased, — the grim old soldier-saint, — 105
Then softly bent to cheer

The Pilgrim-child, whose wasting face
Was meekly turned to hear;
And drew his toil-worn sleeve across,
To brush the manly tear 110
From cheeks that never changed in wee,
And never blanched in fear.

The weary Pilgrim slumbers,
His resting-place unknown;
His hands were crossed, his lips were closed, 115
The dust was o'er him strown;
The drifting soil, the mouldering leaf,
Along the sod were blown;
His mound has melted into earth,
His memory lives alone. 120

So let it live unfading,
The memory of the dead,
Long as the pale anemone
Spring where their tears were shed,
Or, raining in the summer's wind 125
In flakes of burning red,
The wild rose sprinkles with its leaves
The turf where once they bled!

Yea, when the frowning bulwarks
That guard this holy strand 130
Have sunk beneath the trampling surge
In beds of sparkling sand,
While in the waste of ocean
One hoary rock shall stand,

Be this its latest legend, —
HERE WAS THE PILGRIM'S LAND!

135

NOTES.

LINE 25. The Puritans gave their children either proper names from the Bible or religious phrases or sentences, as: Fear-the-Lord, Love-Thou, Praise-the-Lord.

84. The Spanish Armada was a fleet that came against the British navy during the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The battle lasted seven days, and resulted in the utter rout of the Spanish.

99-100. The addition of Alaska and the Hawaiian Islands and Costa Rica more than fulfills this prophecy.

LEXINGTON.

[On the greensward in the park at Lexington there lies a huge boulder. On one side of it are cut the words: "Line of the Minute Men, April 19, 1775. Stand your ground. Don't fire unless fired upon. But if they mean to have a war, let it begin here."]

SLOWLY the mist o'er the meadow was creeping,
Bright on the dewy buds glistened the sun,
When from his couch, while his children were sleeping,
Rose the bold rebel and shouldered his gun.
 Waving her golden veil 5
 Over the silent dale,
Blithe looked the morning on cottage and spire;
 Hushed was his parting sigh,
 While from his noble eye
Flashed the last sparkle of liberty's fire. 10

On the smooth green where the fresh leaf is springing
Calmly the first-born of glory have met;
Hark! the death-volley around them is ringing!
Look! with their life-blood the young grass is wet!
 Faint is the feeble breath, 15
 Murmuring low in death,
"Tell to our sons how their fathers have died;"
 Nerveless the iron hand,
 Raised for its native land,
Lies by the weapon that gleams at its side. 20

Over the hillsides the wild knell is tolling,
From their far hamlets the yeomanry come;

As through the storm-clouds the thunder-burst rolling,
Circles the beat of the mustering drum.

Fast on the soldier's path 25
Darken the waves of wrath,
Long have they gathered and loud shall they fall;
Red glares the musket's flash,
Sharp rings the rifle's crash,
Blazing and clanging from thicket and wall. 30

Gayly the plume of the horseman was dancing,
Never to shadow his cold brow again;
Proudly at morning the war-steed was prancing,
Reeking and panting he droops on the rein;
Pale is the lip of scorn, 35
Voiceless the trumpet horn,
Torn is the silken-fringed red cross on high;
Many a belted breast
Low on the turf shall rest,
Ere the dark hunters the herd have passed by. 40

Snow-girdled crags where the hoarse wind is raving,
Rocks where the weary floods murmur and wail,
Wilds where the fern by the furrow is waving,
Reeled with the echoes that rode on the gale;
Far as the tempest thrills 45
Over the darkened hills,
Far as the sunshine streams over the plain,
Roused by the tyrant band,
Woke all the mighty land,
Girded for battle, from mountain to main. 50

Green be the graves where her martyrs are lying!

Shroudless and tombless they sunk to their rest,
While o'er their ashes the starry fold flying

Wraps the proud eagle they roused from his nest.

Borne on her Northern pine,

55

Long o'er the foaming brine

Spread her broad banner to storm and to sun;

Heaven keep her ever free,

Wide as o'er land and sea

Floats the fair emblem her heroes have won!

OLD IRONSIDES.

[In 1797, the frigate *Constitution* was launched from what is now called *Constitution wharf*, at Boston harbor. The ship was built to stop the attacks of the Algerine corsairs on our merchant marine. She was named *Old Ironsides* after her exploits in the Mediterranean in 1803. The ship gained her fame by her achievements during the War of 1812.

In 1834 she was thoroughly overhauled in the dry dock at the Charlestown navy yard. At the beginning of the Civil War she was in use as a schooling-ship at Annapolis, Md. In 1881 she was put out of commission from the Brooklyn navy yard and sent as a receiving-ship to Portsmouth, N. H. In 1897 she was brought to Boston to celebrate the one-hundredth anniversary of her launching.

The occasion for the writing of this poem was the proposition to break up the frigate *Constitution*. The effect of the poem was to create such a popular feeling that the ship was saved.]

 Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!

 Long has it waved on high,

And many an eye has danced to see

 That banner in the sky;

Beneath it rung the battle-shout,

5

 And burst the cannon's roar; —

The meteor of the ocean air

 Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,

 Where knelt the vanquished foe,

10

When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,

 And waves were white below,

No more shall feel the victor's tread,

 Or know the conquered knee;

The harpies of the shore shall pluck

15

 The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave.
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

20

AN APPEAL FOR "THE OLD SOUTH."

"While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
When falls the Coliseum, Rome shall fall."

[The oldest church in Boston is the Old South meeting-house, built in 1730, at the corner of Washington and Milk streets. In 1775 the British army used it for a cavalry riding-school, and had a grogshop in the lower gallery. In 1876 the building was sold, to be torn down and replaced by other structures. Some public-spirited citizens bought the house and ground for \$430,000. and put the property in the hands of the Preservation Committee. It is now full of historic relics, and is open daily. A fee of 25 cents is charged for admission. This fee goes to the Preservation fund.]

FULL sevenscore years our city's pride —

The comely Southern spire —

Has cast its shadow and defied

The storm, the foe, the fire;

Sad is the sight our eyes behold;

5

Woe to the three-hilled town,

When through the land the tale is told —

"The brave 'Old South' is down!"

Let darkness blot the starless dawn

That hears our children tell,

10

"Here rose the walls, now wrecked and gone,

Our fathers loved so well;

Here, while his brethren stood aloof,

The herald's blast was blown

That shook St. Stephen's pillared roof

15

And rocked King George's throne!

"The home-bound wanderer of the main

Looked from his deck afar,

To where the gilded, glittering vane
Shone like the evening star, 20
And pilgrim feet from every clime
The floor with reverence trod,
Where holy memories made sublime
The shrine of Freedom's God!"

The darkened skies, alas! have seen 25
Our monarch tree laid low,
And spread in ruins o'er the green,
But Nature struck the blow;
No scheming thrift its downfall planned,
It felt no edge of steel, 30
No soulless hireling raised his hand
The deadly stroke to deal.

In bridal garlands, pale and mute,
Still pleads the storied tower;
These are the blossoms, but the fruit 35
Awaits the golden shower;
The spire still greets the morning sun, —
Say, shall it stand or fall?
Help, ere the spoiler has begun!
Help, each, and God help all! 40

NOTES.

LINE 6. *Three-hilled* = Beacon Hill, Fort Hill, and Copp's Hill. Fort Hill is now removed.

15. During the time of the Revolution the meetings of Parliament were held in St. Stephen's Hall.

26. The old elm on Boston Common, the oldest tree in New England. In 1860 a branch broken off by a storm showed 200 rings. The tree was blown down in 1876.

A BALLAD OF THE BOSTON TEA-PARTY.

No! never such a draught was poured
Since Hebe served with nectar
The bright Olympians and their Lord,
Her over-kind protector, —
Since Father Noah squeezed the grape 5
And took to such behaving
As would have shamed our grandsire ape
Before the days of shaving, —
No! ne'er was mingled such a draught
In palace, hall, or arbor, 10
As freemen brewed and tyrants quaffed
That night in Boston Harbor!
It kept King George so long awake
His brain at last got addled,
It made the nerves of Britain shake, 15
With sevenscore millions saddled;
Before that bitter cup was drained,
Amid the roar of cannon,
The Western war-cloud's crimson stained
The Thames, the Clyde, the Shannon; 20
Full many a six-foot grenadier
The flattened grass had measured,
And many a mother many a year
Her tearful memories treasured;
Fast spread the tempest's darkening pall, 25
The mighty realms were troubled.
The storm broke loose, but first of all
The Boston teapot bubbled!

An evening party, — only that,
No formal invitation, 30
No gold-laced coat, no stiff cravat,
No feast in contemplation,
No silk-robed dames, no fiddling band,
No flowers, no songs, no dancing, —
A tribe of Red men, axe in hand, — 35
Behold the guests advancing!
How fast the stragglers join the throng,
From stall and workshop gathered!
The lively barber skips along
And leaves a chin half lathered; 40
The smith has flung his hammer down, —
The horseshoe still is glowing;
The truant tapster at the Crown
Has left a beer-cask flowing;
The cooper's boys have dropped the adze, 45
And trot behind their master;
Up run the tarry ship-yard lads, —
The crowd is hurrying faster, —
Out from the Millpond's purlieus gush
The streams of white-faced millers, 50
And down their slippery alleys rush
The lusty young Fort-Hillers;
The ropewalk lends its 'prentice crew, —
The Tories seize the omen:
"Ay, boys, you'll soon have work to do 55
For England's rebel foemen,
'King Hancock,' Adams, and their gang,
That fire the mob with treason, —

When these we shoot and those we hang
The town will come to reason." 60

On — on to where the tea-ships ride!
And now their ranks are forming, —
A rush, and up the Dartmouth's side
The Mohawk band is swarming!
See the fierce natives! What a glimpse 65
Of paint and fur and feather,
As all at once the full-grown imps
Light on the deck together!
A scarf the pigtail's secret keeps,
A blanket hides the breeches, — 70
And out the cursèd cargo leaps,
And overboard it pitches!

O woman, at the evening board
So gracious, sweet, and purring,
So happy while the tea is poured, 75
So blest while spoons are stirring,
What martyr can compare with thee,
The mother, wife, or daughter,
That night, instead of West Bohea,
Condemned to milk and water! 80

Ah, little dreams the quiet dame
Who plies with rock and spindle
The patient flax, how great a flame
Yon little spark shall kindle!
The lurid morning shall reveal 85
A fire no king can smother,

Where British flint and Boston steel
 Have clashed against each other!
Old charters shrivel in its track,
 His Worship's bench has crumbled, 90
It climbs and clasps the union-jack,
 Its blazoned pomp is humbled,
The flags go down on land and sea
 Like corn before the reapers;
So burned the fire that brewed the tea 95
 That Boston served her keepers!

The waves that wrought a century's wreck
 Have rolled o'er Whig and Tory;
The Mohawks on the Dartmouth's deck
 Still live in song and story; 100
The waters in the rebel bay
 Have kept the tea-leaf savor;
Our old North-Enders in their spray
 Still taste a Hyson flavor;
And Freedom's teacup still o'erflows 105
 With ever fresh libations,
To cheat of slumber all her foes
 And cheer the wakening nations!

UNION AND LIBERTY.

FLAG of the heroes who left us their glory,
Borne through their battle-field's thunder and
flame,

Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
Wave o'er us all who inherit their fame:

Up with our banner bright, 5

Sprinkled with starry light,

Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,

While through the sounding sky

Loud rings the Nation's cry,—

UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE! 10

Light of our firmament, guide of our Nation,

Pride of her children, and honored afar,

Let the wide beams of thy full constellation

Scatter each cloud that would darken a star!

Up with our banner bright, etc. 15

Empire unsceptered! what foe shall assail thee,

Bearing the standard of Liberty's van?

Think not the God of thy fathers shall fail thee,

Striving with men for the birthright of man!

Up with our banner bright, etc. 20

Yet, if by madness and treachery blighted,

Dawns the dark hour when the sword thou must
draw,

Then with the arms of thy millions united,
Smite the bold traitors to Freedom and Law!
Up with our banner bright, etc. 25

Lord of the Universe! shield us and guide us,
Trusting Thee always, through shadow and sun!
Thou hast united us, who shall divide us?
Keep us, oh, keep us the MANY IN ONE!
Up with our banner bright, 30
Sprinkled with starry light,
Spread its fair emblems from mountain to shore,
While through the sounding sky
Loud rings the Nation's cry, —
UNION AND LIBERTY! ONE EVERMORE! 35

GOD SAVE THE FLAG!

WASHED in the blood of the brave and the blooming,
Snatched from the altars of insolent foes,
Burning with star-fires but never consuming,
Flash its broad ribbons of lily and rose.

Vainly the prophets of Baäl would rend it, 5
Vainly his worshippers pray for its fall;
Thousands have died for it, millions defend it,
Emblem of justice and mercy to all:

Justice that reddens the sky with her terrors,
Mercy that comes with her white-handed train, 10
Soothing all passions, redeeming all errors,
Sheathing the sabre and breaking the chain.

Borne on the deluge of old usurpations.
Drifted our Ark o'er the desolate seas,
Bearing the rainbow of hope to the nations, 15
Torn from the storm-cloud and flung to the breeze!

God bless the Flag and its loyal defenders,
While its broad folds o'er the battle-field wave,
Till the dim star-wreath rekindle its splendors,
Washed from its stains in the blood of the brave! 20

FREEDOM, OUR QUEEN.

LAND where the banners wave last in the sun,
Blazoned with star-clusters, many in one,
Floating o'er prairie and mountain and sea;
Hark! 't is the voice of thy children to thee!

Here at thine altar our vows we renew
Still in thy cause to be loyal and true, —
True to thy flag on the field and the wave,
Living to honor it, dying to save!

Mother of heroes! if perfidy's blight
Fall on a star in thy garland of light,
Sound but one bugle-blast! Lo! at the sign
Armies all panoplied wheel into line!

Hope of the world! thou hast broken its chains, —
Wear thy bright arms while a tyrant remains,
Stand for the right till the nations shall own
Freedom their sovereign, with Law for her throne!

Freedom! sweet Freedom! our voices resound,
Queen by God's blessing, unscathed, uncrowned!
Freedom, sweet Freedom, our pulses repeat,
Warm with her life-blood, as long as they beat!

Fold the broad banner-stripes over her breast, —
Crown her with star-jewels Queen of the West!
Earth for her heritage, God for her friend,
She shall reign over us, world without end!

THE LIVING TEMPLE.

[This poem presupposes a knowledge of the human body through the study of its anatomy. Notice the figures used in describing it.]

Not in the world of light alone,
 Where God has built his blazing throne,
 Nor yet alone in earth below,
 With belted seas that come and go,
 And endless isles of sunlit green, 5
 Is all thy Maker's glory seen :
 Look in upon thy wondrous frame, —
 Eternal wisdom still the same !

The smooth, soft air with pulse-like waves
 Flows murmuring through its hidden caves, 10
 Whose streams of brightening purple rush,
 Fired with a new and livelier blush,
 While all their burden of decay
 The ebbing current steals away,
 And red with Nature's flame they start 15
 From the warm fountains of the heart.

No rest that throbbing slave may ask,
 Forever quivering o'er his task,
 While far and wide a crimson jet
 Leaps forth to fill the woven net 20
 Which in unnumbered crossing tides
 The flood of burning life divides,
 Then, kindling each decaying part,
 Creeps back to find the throbbing heart.

But warmed with that unchanging flame 25
 Behold the outward moving frame,

Its living marbles jointed strong
With glistening band and silvery thong,
And linked to reason's guiding reins
By myriad rings in trembling chains, 30
Each graven with the threaded zone
Which claims it as the master's own.

See how yon beam of seeming white
Is braided out of seven-hued light,
Yet in those lucid globes no ray 35
By any chance shall break astray.
Hark how the rolling surge of sound,
Arches and spirals circling round,
Wakes the hushed spirit through thine ear
With music it is heaven to hear. 40

Then mark the cloven sphere that holds
All thoughts in its mysterious folds,
That feels sensation's faintest thrill,
And flashes forth the sovereign will!
Think on the stormy world that dwells 45
Locked in its dim and clustering cells!
The lightning gleams of power it sheds
Along its hollow glassy threads!

O Father! grant thy love divine
To make these mystic temples thine! 50
When wasting age and wearying strife
Have sapped the leaning walls of life,
When darkness gathers over all,
And the last tottering pillars fall,
Take the poor dust thy mercy warms, 55
And mould it into heavenly forms!

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS.

Thus is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings, 5
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell, 10
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed,—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil 15
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door, 20
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no
more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!

69

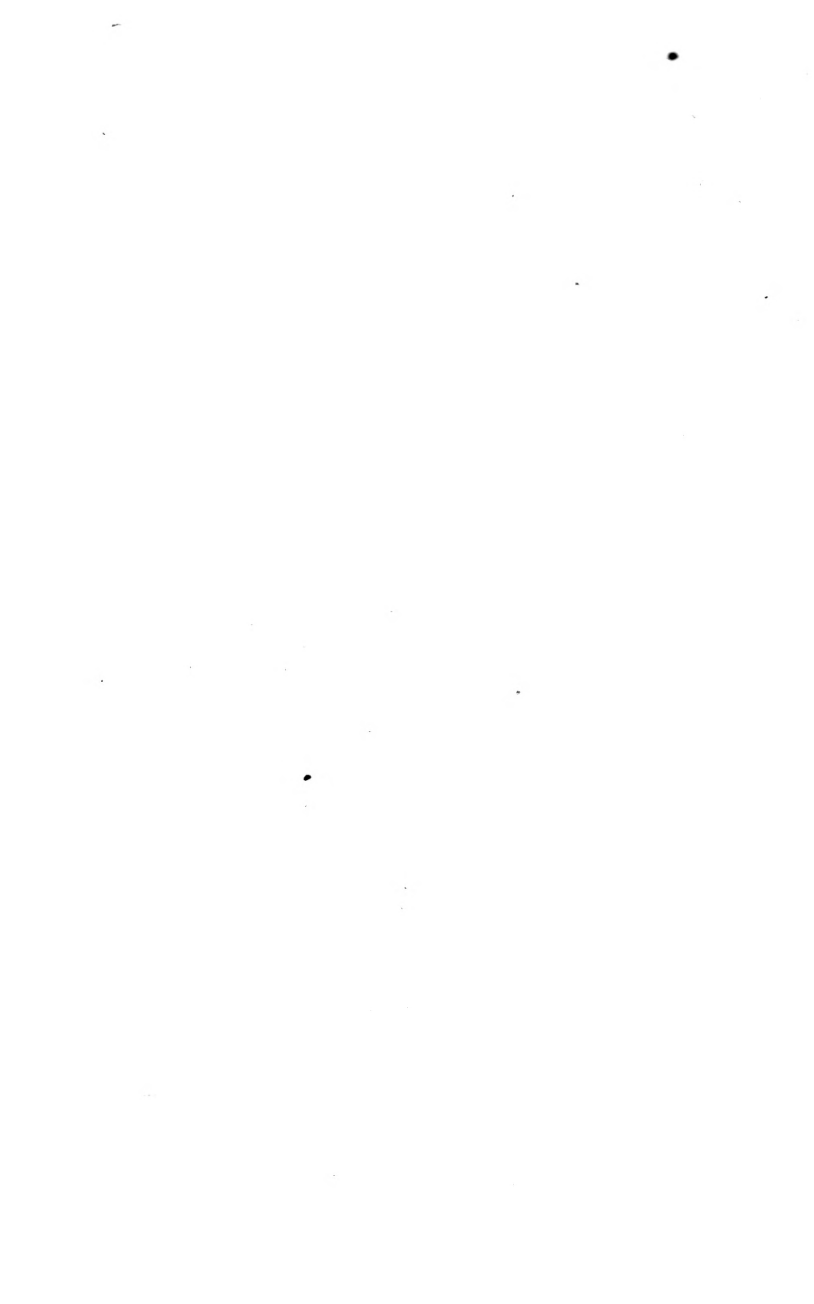
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born 25
Than ever Triton blew from wreathèd horn!

While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that
sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!

Leave thy low-vaulted past!
 Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
 Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
 Till thou at length art free,
 Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!





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